

THE  
**Butterfly's Funeral.**

By J. L. B.

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The Embellishn.ens designed and engraved

BY A LADY.

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INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO THE

*BUTTERFLY's BALI and GRASSHOPPER's FEAST.*

BY MR. ROSCOE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WALLIS JUN.,

*At the Universal Juvenile Library & original Dissected-Map Warehouse*

Removed from Ludgate-street, to

No. 198, STRAND,

(Next Door to the Crown-and-Anchor Tavern).

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1808.

Brettell and Co. Printers, Marshall-Street, Golden-Square.

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*FRONTISPIECE.*



*PSYCHE,*  
transformed to a Butterfly.

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THE  
Butterfly's Funeral.

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Oh, ye, who so lately were blythesome and gay,  
At the Butterfly's Banquet, carousing away;  
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fied,  
For the soul of the Banquet, the Butterfly's dead.

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,  
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance ;  
For see, his thin form o'er the favourite bend,  
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark, to the funeral dirge of the Bee,  
And the Beetle who follows as solemn as he ;  
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,  
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn ;  
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn ;  
And the Moth, who was griev'd for the loss of a sister,  
Bent over the body, and silently kist her

The corse was embalm'd, at the set of the sun,  
And enclos'd in a case, which the Silk-worm had spun ;  
By the help of the Hornet, the coffin was laid,  
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs, came the Butterflies all,  
And six of their numbers supported the pall :  
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black :  
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grub left his nut-shell, to join the sad throng,  
And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,  
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,  
And wrote these few lines, to be plac'd on his tomb : —

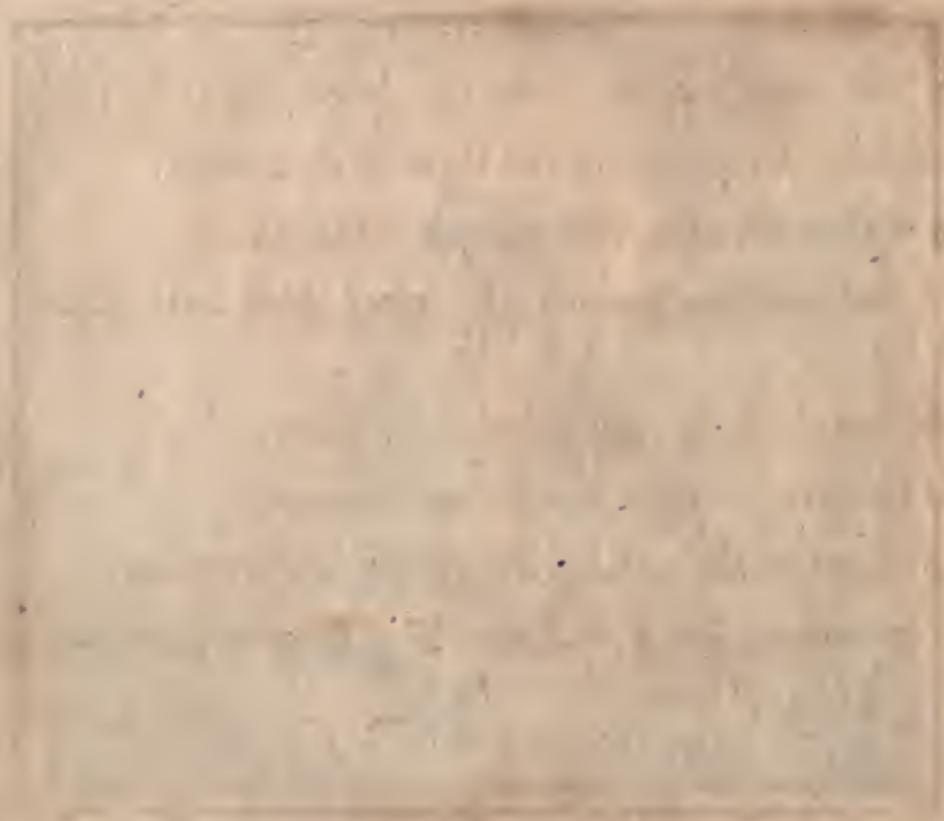
## Epitaph.

---

AT this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,  
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;  
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,  
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes have made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,  
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;  
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,  
Still mourning her friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

*FINIS.*



For the soul of the Banquet the Butterfly's dead



And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend







And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee &c.



The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave





when the first edition of the present work was published

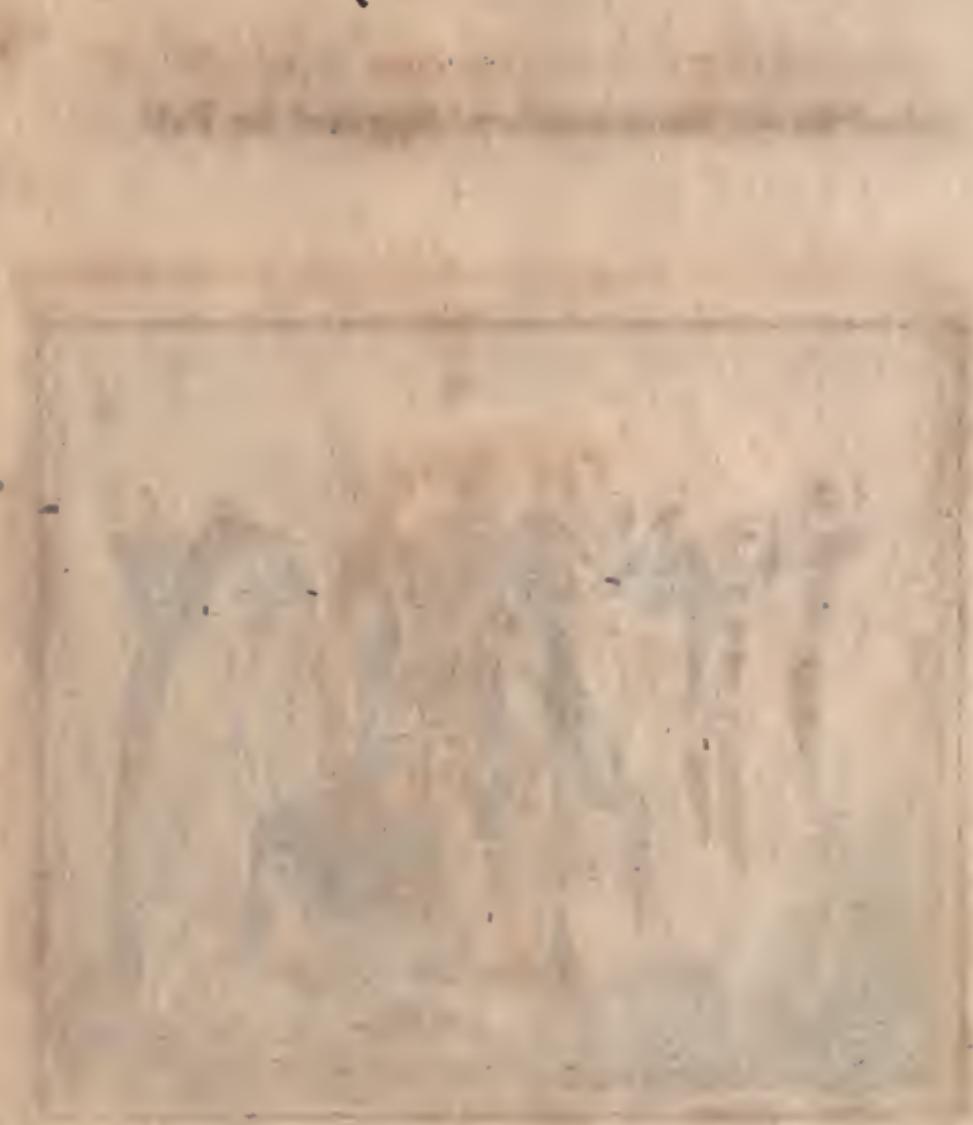


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And six of their numbers supported the Pall







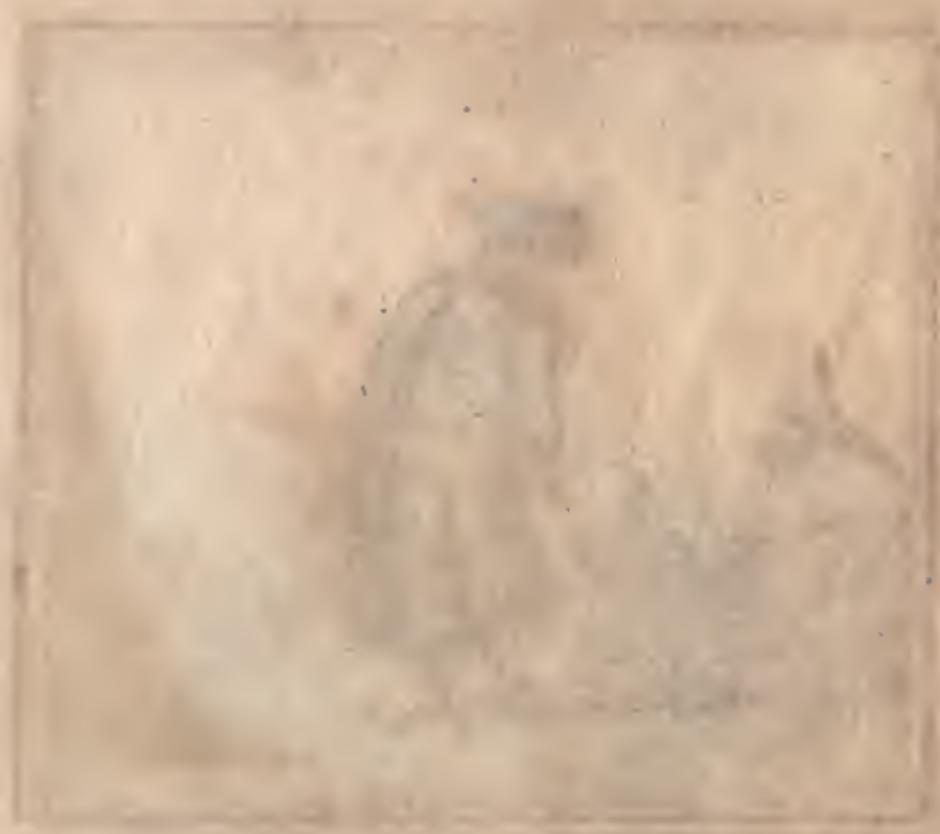
The Dormouse attended but cold & forlorn &c.



Bent over her body and silently kist her







The Grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng



And wrote these few lines to be plac'd on his tomb





115. *Leucanthemum*

*Leucanthemum vulgare* L.

EPITAPH  
TO THE  
*MEMORY OF PAPILLON.*

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At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,  
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;  
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,  
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes have made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,  
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;  
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,  
Still mourning her friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.





120.E.O. 1449. A7

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MAY-DAY EVE,  
OR, THE ROYAL CHAPLET;

*Humbly inscribed to*

Her Royal Highness  
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

THE POEM AND DESIGNS BY A LADY.

*The above Juvenile Work has met with a Reception from a liberal Public, beyond the Publisher's most sanguine expectations--Those who have not inspected it, are most respectfully informed, that independent of the Poem, it will be found otherwise acceptable, as the ten accompanying Designs are chaste Patterns for the Exercise of the Young Artist's Pencil.*

*Wallis's Original Dissected-Map Warehouse, removed from Ludgate Street, to the Corner of Arundel Street, Strand; where Catalogues of his numerous and Instructive Inventions are delivered gratis.*